And ten to one, is no impeach in Warres.
Fight, and take him.
Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the Cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphes Theeues vpon their conquered booty,
So true men yeeld by robbers ouer-matcht.
North, What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland.*
Come make him stand vpon this Moulehill here,
That aymde at Mountaines with outstretched arme.
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of Sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward,* and the lustie *George?*
Or where is that valiant *Crookebacke* prodegie?
Dickey your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland?*
Looke *Yorke;* I dipt this Napkin in the blood
That valiant *Clifford* with his Rapier poynt,
Made issue from the boosome of thy Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this, to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke,* But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state:
I prethee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke:*
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and daunce.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke?* and Lords bow low to him?
So: hold you his hands while I do set it on,
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heire,
But how is it that great *Plantagenet,*

Is

Is crownd so soone, a
As I bethinke me, y
Till our *Henrie* had f
And will you impal
And robbe his temp
Now in his life, again
Oh, tis a fault too to
Off with the Crown
And whilst we breat
Clif. Thats my of
Queen. Yet stay, a
York. She wolfe of
Whose tongue mor
How ill beseeming
To triumph like an
Vpon his woes, wh
But that thy face is v
Made impudent by
I would assay, proud
To tell thee of wher
Twere shame enou
Thy father beares t
Of both the *Sisiles* a
Yet not so wealthie
Hath that poore M
It needes not, or it b
Vnlesse the Adage
That Beggers mou
Tis beautie, that oft
But God he wots, th
Tis gouernement, t
The contrarie doth
Tis vertue makes th
The want thereof m
Thou art as opposit
As the *Antipodes* are
Or as the South to
Oh Tygers hart, wr